

## High Water Mark of the Confederacy

Gettysburg of Today.

By Col. D. A. Dickert.

The Gettysburg of fifty years ago was called "Lee's Waterloo," which was erroneous, for some of the Southern chieftains' hardest, fiercest and most successful battles were yet to come, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, etc. But no one, who was on the "fatal field" of a few days ago, would doubt for a moment that it was the Waterloo of sectionalism, bitterness and distress between the North and the South. Old scores of hatred, engendered by the war, seemed to have been entirely wiped from the slate and instead of "Yanks" and "Johnny Rebs," you heard on all sides, "Hail brother," "Ho comrade."

The general government and the State of Pennsylvania contributed near a half million of dollars for the entertainment of the veterans, and fully that much was donated by the States, for the transportation of their individual troop, making the enormous total of one million dollars, for the peaceful meeting of the blue and the gray. Was the "game worth the candle?" Was the good effect equal to this prodigious expenditure of money? I for one, and I believe every one present, would say it was the best outlay possible, if we are to judge from good results in the future. We heard it talked on all sides, among the Federal soldiery, that the South's veterans should share equally with them, the nation's bounty, a part of the pensions, so lavishly bestowed upon those who were the blue. I can't say that I seek any pension from the government, but if it should be granted and I am still living I dare say I would be patriotic enough to take it.

Speaking on general principles of the good cheer and love feast of the recent reunion, I went to that meeting with fifty years of bitterness and hatred pent up in my soul, more than the majority of the Southern veterans, for in my line of duty I had opportunities to see more of the wrongs done our women and country than most men, but I came away with ill feeling for none. Not that I have forgiven the North for everything they did to us, for fifty years is too short a time to forget and forgive all the South endured.

But since talking with any number of intelligent men from the North, and hearing their version of war I have become greatly mollified, enough at least, to keep me from cutting any of their throats. As a man said to me, from the old "Iron Brigade" from Michigan, "You men entered the army for a principle, we of the North, to get bread for our families; our mines, workshops and factories were all closed and we had to either enlist for the bounty offered, or starve. All that talk you hear about the Northern men entering the army and fighting to save the union, is all stuff, gotten up by the newspapers, while as a fact, we didn't care a d— whether you were in or out of the Union, so long as we had bread for ourselves and families." Well, I believe there is a lot of truth in this, but these sentiments were no reason why they should burn our houses.

The South Carolina contingent was hours late and got into camp some time after night. Col. Fair had preceded us, looked over the ground, lent us much aid in piloting us to our quarters and looking after our comfort, for which every man from Newberry greatly appreciated. When we arose in the morning one vast sea of tents lay out before us and it was not until we saw old Round Top, silent, sullen, defiant, that we could get our bearings.

Gettysburg, the quaint old Dutch town of 17,000 inhabitants, was two miles to the north. The camp, or rather the "field of Mars," was traversed by two great thoroughfares, one in our rear, ran along a stone fence on Seminary Ridge, behind which "Tiger" Anderson's Division of Hill's corps and McLaws, of Longstreet, formed for the assault on the 2nd. This is called "Confederate Avenue," thus called I suppose, in honor of their visiting brethren. The other pike, on which runs the trolley cars, goes to "Devil's Pen" at the foot of Round Top, from this city. This was formerly called the Gettysburg road, on which Sickles Third Corp of Federals lay when McLaws' Mississippians, Georgians and South Carolinians so unmercifully assailed and shattered on the afternoon of fifty years ago.

The South Carolina veterans were tented between the Louisiana and Texas, while across the street, on which our quarters abutted, were Federals of every hue, from Maine to the Dakotas. The camps were laid out on scientific principles by U. S. offi-

cers and everything pertaining to the ease, comfort and the health of the troop, was admirably attended to.

Did we have plenty to eat? Yes and under and spare. Beef, mutton, eggs, butter and every conceivable delicacy. Munroe Harris took a fright at a spread of dressed chickens, that I don't think he will forget during life. He led me to it. It was a table about five feet wide, more than two hundred feet long and piled as high as you could reach with the fattest chickens I ever saw. I was leaving for home, but "Mun" said he would stay to eat of those chickens "if it took all summer."

The thousand acres of the Gettysburg battlefield is one vast field of monuments, and it would fill volumes to give descriptions of them and their inscriptions. Infantry monuments, with bronzed statues of soldiers on top, some loading their guns, others as if firing, while some were at rest. Wherever there had been a battery stationed you found massive monuments, some surrounded with condemned cannon and bronzed figures of cannoneers, surmounting the shafts. Every position occupied by troop, just before the deadly assault of four o'clock, has cast iron tablets, stating from what State and command these troops belonged.

We were encamped somewhat to the left of where Pickett's assaulting columns were formed and here we came to the first monument or marker on that part of the field. It was a monstrous piece of solid granite, fully ten feet square and perhaps ten or twelve feet high, with the simple inscription, "Virginia to her sons."

As you go down the pike just in rear of the memorable stone fence, you come upon the markers of Anderson's troop of Hills Corps who were on that day assigned to Longstreet, in lieu of Pickett. That general was then coming with all possible dispatch from Chambersburg, twenty miles away. The first of these was Posey's, then came Wright's, Perry's and Wilcox's. On a circular cast iron plate of about four feet in diameter, anchored to an iron post of a foot in diameter with the inscription, "Here fought on July the 3rd, 1863, the troop of ——— Brigade, composed the ——— regiment," marks every position. They were all alike, giving the simple fact, that such regiments fought there. Of McLaws' Division of which Kershaw's formed a part, are Barksdale's Mississippians, Wofford's Georgians, Kershaw's South Carolinians and Simms' Georgians. To the right and front were Hood's four brigades.

Kershaw faced Ayers' regulars, the stubbornest and most determined troop in the Federal army, the brigade which saved the army from utter destruction on both fields of Manassas. These troops, as well as McClellan's, who faced Simms, were posted in the wooded stretch of foot-hills of Round Top behind great boulders and piles of quarried rock. Barksdale and Wofford faced Willard and Robertson, in the lower part of the historic peach orchard. Before the fight was half over Weed's, Birney's, Nevins' and Rogers' Brigades came to the aid of their hard pressed brethren. So you see on this part of the field the Confederates were outnumbered three to one. Round Top and Little Round Top, just in our front, and the point at which all of Longstreet's forces were directing their efforts, were one blaze of cannon, which could reach and command every inch of our ground. Down near the foot of the ridge in the peach orchard Sickles had posted a battery of ten guns, with instructions to fire nothing but grape and cannister at the approaching infantry. Through this hail of shot we were forced to march against and forbidden to fire a gun. We walked over this battery with "hands down," but with a fearful loss, however, was forced to give it up, when night came on no horses to remove it. The loss among our own artillery horses was so great it was difficult to move even our own pieces.

The turnpike on which the Federal General Sickles had formed his columns, is a house near his left where his headquarters' flag floated fifty years ago. Now the old general, the only one of his rank on either side, sat receiving the homage of friend and foes. Thousands of Confederate stopped to pay their compliments, but I, somehow, had no such inclination. While he was no doubt a gallant foe, I have no such exalted opinion of a man who had ruined the lives of two innocent women, lording it over my State for two years in a "coach and

four," then after having received and squandered near a half million dollars, the government has allowed him as pay, he within the present year begs the government for a pension I would much rather doff my hat to the equestrian statue of General Warren, mounted on the cliffs of Little Round Top.

The most casual student of the history of that battle well knows that this great engagement was the result of an accident and miscarriage of orders. Had the Federal cavalry general, Beaufort, received the orders to retire should his outpost be attacked, or had General Reynolds received the orders from Meade to fall back to Ennettsburg, should A. P. Hill move forward, no battle of the first day would have taken place. Had not General Warren, Meade's chief of ordnance, rode up on Round Top in the afternoon of the 2nd and put the army in position to meet the onrush of Longstreet, nothing could have saved Meade from total destruction.

After A. P. Hill had defeated the first and eleventh Corps, under Reynolds and Howard, the latter taking refuge on the bold and precipitous cliffs of Culp's Hill, half mile south-east of the town, Meade naturally concluded the battle would be renewed to the north of the town. He was rushing his whole army along Rock creek, just in rear of Cemetery Hill, where he had a light line formed. When Warren rode to the brow of Round Top, what he saw was enough to freeze his heart. Hood's division had already formed around the southern base of the mountain while McLaws' and Anderson's were preparing for the assault and not a Federal soldier in sight, save Weed's Brigade down in Devil's Den. Without waiting orders from his chief, he ordered all troops marching toward Gettysburg to turn to the left. The infantry came at a run and lined the slopes of the mountain behind boulders, stone fences, hedges and every conceivable place of vantage. The artillery came like mad and as the Confederates emerged from the groves in which they had formed, little and great Round Tops were one sheet of flame.

While General Warren was not killed here, his appreciative countrymen have erected an equestrian statue of heroic size on the very rock from which he saw first the Confederates forming. From here, after drinking a cool drink from the marble lined spring at Devil's Den, I proceeded to the rear of the Federal lines, along Cemetery Ridge. Near Meade's headquarters is the "city of the dead," in which ten thousand of the Confederate and Federal dead lie sleeping. A headstone is to each marked "unknown." They do not lie promiscuously but each in a plot to itself, and well might we say

"Under the sod, under the clay, Here lies the blue, there the gray."

Along the ridge and the valley of Rock Creek had stood Meade with the flower of the Federal army, 115,950 strong. Beyond lay Lee, with barely 70,000. Even with this disparagement between their forces one would ask why was Lee, with all his prestige, military training and transcendent genius of war, repulsed pitted as he was against a military mediocre, not long enough in command to have won the confidence and ardor of his troop? Look at the ground today and the answer is easy. It was a physical impossibility to drive any troop from this natural fortification. From the abrupt bluff, at Culp's Hill to Round Top, runs several series of stone walls with cliffs in front, behind which troops lying down out of danger, making a double line of defense, perfectly shielded from the mass of bullets from the Confederates, the Southern army having to march to the assault, through an open and unbroken field of a mile in length. The best of this world's military critics, who have visited this field, pronounce it the best natural battlefield for defense on the Western continent and the wonder is, not that Lee was repulsed but that any of his men survived. As I left the field I thought of our Kentucky poet, when he sang

"On Fame's eternal camping ground, Their silent tents are spread And Glory guards, with solumn round The bivouac of the dead."

### AIKEN COUNTY BOY DROWNED.

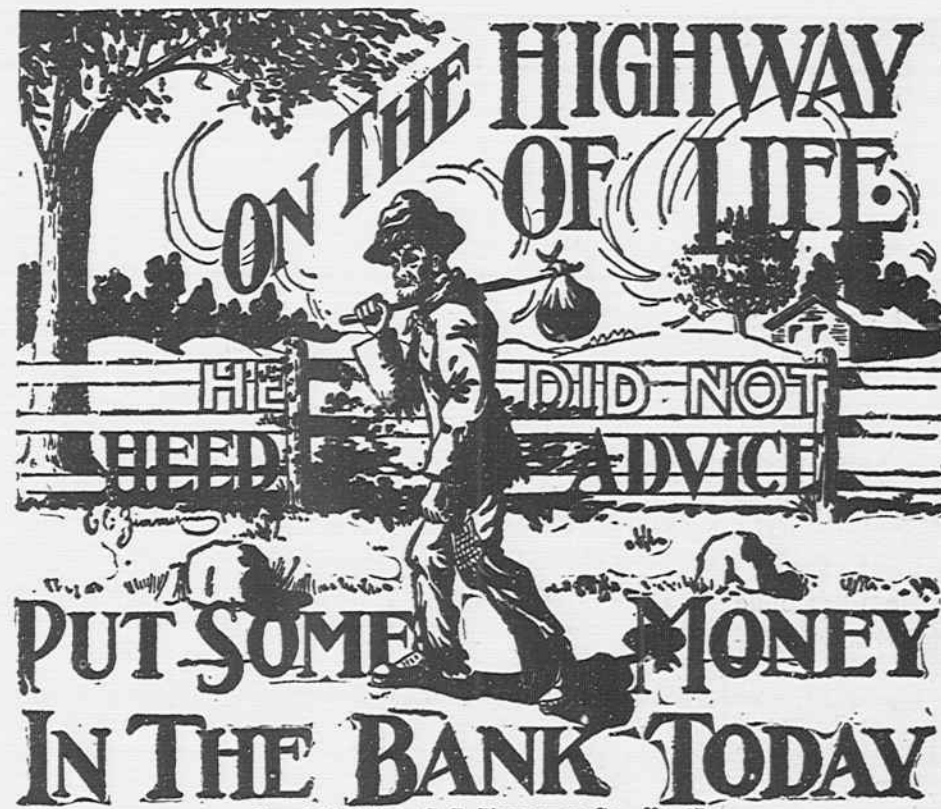
Wm. Edward Bell Meets Death While In Pond Swimming.

Augusta, Ga., July 13.—William Edward Bell, 13 years of age, was drowned this afternoon in Getzen's pond, near North Augusta, in Aiken county. The little boy was in swimming. As soon as he was pulled from the water efforts were made to resuscitate him, but without avail. The drowning was witnessed by a large crowd. The Aiken coroner decided that no inquest was necessary.

## The Newberry Savings Bank

Capital Stock - - \$50,000

"The Bank That Always Has The Money"



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**I**N the daily run of business, one needs to transact business in a business-like manner. One of the best ways is to bank your money. Make your deposits daily, weekly or monthly, according to the volume of your business. Select the right bank. Call and talk to us about it.

**Y**OU will need money in after life. Save **NOW** while you are making money. Health and strength does not remain with one always. 4% on savings deposits.

♦♦♦♦♦  
**BARBECUE NOTICES.**  
♦♦♦♦♦

**Barbecue Notice.**  
We will give a first class barbecue at Keitts Grove on July 24. A good dinner is guaranteed.

B. M. Suber,  
O. A. Felker.

I will give a first class barbecue at my residence at the late J. A. Cromer's home place, on Saturday, August 9. Dinner 35 and 45 cents. Enjoyment for young people guaranteed.

J. A. Felker.

We will give a barbecue at Fork School, on August 8th. We invite everybody to be present.

H. F. Counts,

I will furnish a first-class barbecue at my residence near St. Phillips church on Friday, July 18, 1913. An invitation is extended to all to come and enjoy a good cue. Arrangements will be made for all to spend a pleasant day.

D. Edwin Halfacre.

We, the undersigned, will give a first-class barbecue at Pomaria Friday, July 25. Several interesting speeches will be made during the day. The public is cordially invited and a pleasant day promised to all who attend. Dinner 40 and 50 cents.

George Richardson,  
Walter Richardson.

### BARBECUE.

I will give a first-class Barbecue at Sligh's, S. C., on July 25th. I will serve dinner at 11 o'clock and also sell meat. There will be special ar-

rangements made for ladies. Come one, come all and spend a pleasant day and enjoy a good dinner in the beautiful grove. It will be cooked by one of the best cooks in the county, P. B. Ellis.

J. S. Watts.

**Barbecue Notice.**  
I will give a first-class barbecue at my residence on Saturday, July 19. I will sell meat and hash at 11.30 o'clock.

J. M. Counts.

### TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Please take notice that I, Florence T. Lane, claim right of dower in lands of James Jefferson Lane adjoining the town of Newberry, S. C., recently sold by mortgage foreclosure proceedings, and bought in by the National Bank of Newberry, S. C.

7-4-4-f. Florence T. Lane.

**Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure.**  
The worst cases, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00

### PROPERTY.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell in the storeroom of the Cash Millinery company, located in Main street near the corner of Main and Nance streets, in the Town of Newberry, S. C., on the 22nd day of July, 1913, at 11 o'clock a. m., all of the stock of millinery and notions, and also the fixtures, said stock of millinery and fixtures having been seized by me under a distress warrant for rent issued by Rebecca Brown through her agent; same having been seized as the property of H. D. Havird, the lessee of said storeroom. The inventory of said stock and fixtures is as follows: stock \$363.28; fixtures \$108.08.

Terms of sale: Cash.

J. C. Sample,  
Magistrate.

**SEABOARD AIR LINE.**  
Effective April 27, 1913.  
(Subject to Change without Notice.)  
Not Guaranteed.

No. 4 Lv. Columbia. . . . 5.50 a. m.  
No. 18 Lv. Columbia. . . . 4.00 p. m.  
No. 2 Lv. Columbia. . . . 6.35 p. m.  
No. 36 Lv. Columbia. . . . 7.45 p. m.

**Southbound.**  
No. 19 Lv. Columbia. . . . 7.00 a. m.  
No. 1 Lv. Columbia. . . . 12.10 p. m.  
No. 21 Lv. Columbia. . . . 5.00 p. m.  
No. 3 Lv. Columbia. . . . 12.20 a. m.  
Trains 1 and 2, Florida-Cuba Special.  
Trains 3 and 4, Seaboard Fast Mail.  
Trains 18 and 36, Hamlet local. Trains 19 and 21 Savannah local.

Ticket Office 1225 Main St. Phone 574. C. E. Boisseau, Jr., City Ticket Agts., Columbia S. C. J. S. Etchberger, Trav. Pass. Agent. C. W. Small, Div. Pass. Agt., Savannah, Ga.—Adv.

## No. 666

This is a prescription prepared especially for **MALARIA or CHILLS & FEVER.** Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then as a tonic the Fever will not return. It acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not gripe or sicken. 25c

### Guaranteed Eczema Remedy.

The constant itching, burning, redness, rash and disagreeable effects of eczema, tetter, salt rheum, itch, piles and irritating skin eruptions can be readily cured and the skin made clear and smooth with Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Mr. J. C. Erelad, of Bath, Ill., says: "I had eczema twenty-five years and had tried everything. All failed. When I found Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment I found a cure." This ointment is the formula of a physician and has been in use for years—not an experiment. That is why we can guarantee it. All druggists, or by mail. Price 50c. Pfeiffer Chemical Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis.